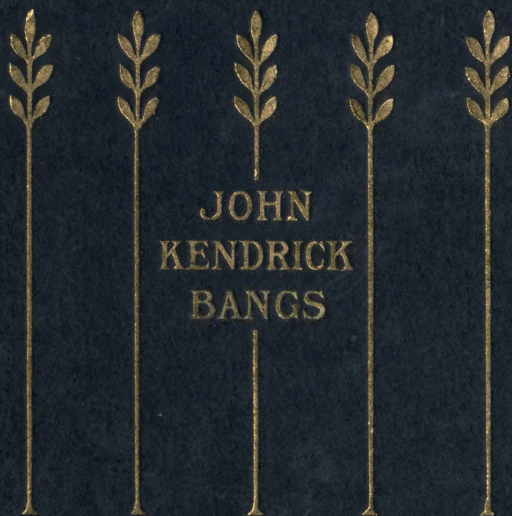


# ECHOES OF CHEER



JOHN  
KENDRICK  
BANGS

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1912



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BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

**ECHOES OF CHEER**

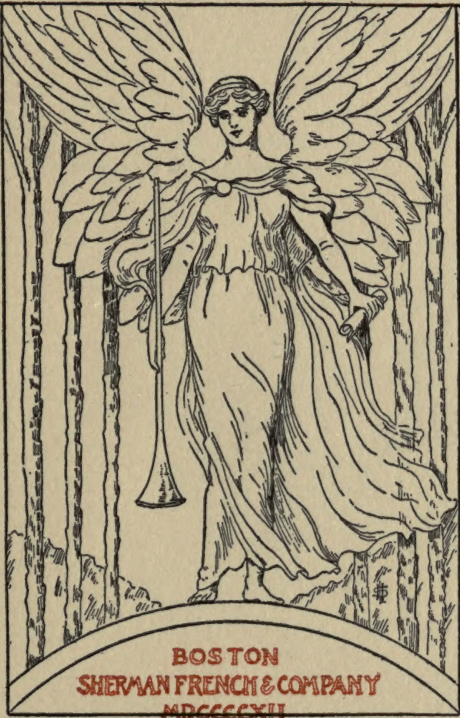


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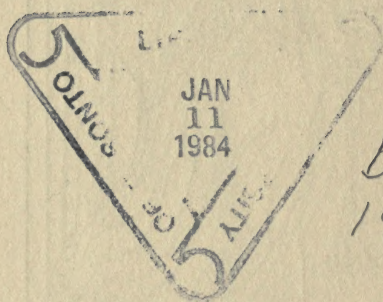
ECHOES OF CHEER  
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS



BOSTON  
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PS  
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TO  
**THE ONLY MUSE**  
M. G. B.



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**ECHOES OF CHEER**





## INSPIRATION

WHEN Phyllis lets me gaze into her eyes,  
It fills my soul with ever fresh surprise  
To note a figure small deep-set in each,  
As though a thousand leagues beyond my  
reach,  
No larger than the tiniest woodland elf—  
Each one the perfect portrait of myself.

The perfect portrait? Nay! I would 'twere  
so,  
Rejoicing in that soft and heavenly glow  
That hedges them about! What utter bliss  
To live, and be, in such a home as this,  
And looking out from it each day to see  
The world as Phyllis thinks the world to be!

Ah, well—let it be mine to choose my way,  
Year after year, through every passing day,  
So well, in truth, that as this world appears  
To her, unsullied, void of evil fears,  
So may it be as far as in me lies  
To keep it as it seems to Phyllis' eyes!

## THE IMMORTAL MUSIC

**T**HE soft, sweet notes of woodland birds,  
The crooning of the lowing herds,  
The rustling zephyrs as they pass  
Across the tree-tops and lush grass,  
The humming of the bees, the throng  
Of insects with their even-song,  
The chirp of cricket, and the note  
Of tree-toads on the air afloat,  
The monotonous of waters free,  
The murmurs of the forest tree,  
The rich crescendos of the gale,  
Staccato of the rain and hail—  
These are the songs our fathers stirred;  
These are the songs that Adam heard;  
These are the anthems that will be  
Unchanged through all eternity:  
The Symphony Divine that rolls  
From Heaven forth to human souls,  
To cheer the heart, and ease earth's strife  
With promise of immortal life.

## REPAYMENT

THAT part of me that from the earth hath  
come

Let earth take back again when comes the hour  
That marks of my achievement the full sum,  
And sets the limit to my meed of power.

I grudge no bit of it! The loan of clay  
That from earth's breast I've ta'en I shall re-  
turn,  
And have no least reluctance to repay,  
Nor ever think the debt incurred to spurn.

But that which of the Spirit is in me  
Let no earth-creditor of me demand:  
To earth give earth's, to Immortality  
The gifts divine from the Immortal Hand.

## THE PATH

I DREAMED a fair, sweet realm  
Where all was Constancy;  
With Virtue at the helm,  
And every Soul was free.  
Peace smiled upon broad fields  
From Hope's fair skies above,  
And all men toiled for yields  
Of Helpfulness and Love.

All eyes spoke Confidence.  
The prospect, sweeping, wide,  
Breathed God's munificence  
And care on every side.  
Grim Poverty was gone.  
Gone Worry and Distress,  
And over all there shone  
The Light of Kindliness.

And then I woke to find  
I held Life's Golden Key.  
Mine eyes that had been blind  
Were opened and could see:  
*Who love of service hath,  
In faith, without alloy,  
Will find the blessed path  
Unto the realm of Joy!*

## BLIND

“SHOW me your God!” the Doubter cries.

I point him out the smiling skies;  
I show him all the woodland greens;  
I show him peaceful sylvan scenes;  
I show him winter snows and frost;  
I show him waters tempest-tost;  
I show him hills rock-ribbed and strong;  
I bid him hear the thrush's song;  
I show him flowers in the close—  
The lily, violet, and rose;  
I show him rivers, babbling streams;  
I show him youthful hopes and dreams;  
I show him maids with eager hearts;  
I show him toilers in the marts;  
I show him stars, the moon, the sun;  
I show him deeds of kindness done;  
I show him joy, I show him care,  
And still he holds his doubting air,  
And faithless goes his way, for he  
Is blind of soul, and cannot see!

## ANOTHER CHANCE

**I** WOULD that there might be  
Two lives on earth  
For those of us who see  
Too late its worth.

The first, a study hour  
To learn its ways;  
To comprehend the power  
Of passing days.

To find Life's deepest reach—  
The things that give  
The Soul its strength, and teach  
Us how to live.

The second, that the Soul  
May nobly rise  
Prepared to win the goal  
Where Honor lies.

What joy to know 'mid all  
Life's stress and pain  
We but await the call  
To try again!

## ON A RAINY DAY

**P**UTTERIN' around the house—  
That's a heap o' fun!  
Sort o' snoopin' like a mouse,  
Nothin' to be done  
That ye have to do at all,  
But jest lookin' round,  
In the attic and the hall,  
For what may be found.

While the rain is comin' down  
With its patter song,  
In an easy dressin'-gown,  
Putterin' along—  
Nothin' "must" about the game,  
Not a single rule;  
Idlin' like a dancin' flame  
On the log of Yule.

Mercy! All the things ye find—  
Letters old and sere  
Bringin' back into your mind  
Folks no longer here;  
Pictures of your school-boy pals  
In the days gone by;  
Tin-types of the roguish gals  
Useter make ye sigh!

Old and yellow papers of  
Some forgotten day;  
Old forgotten tales of love  
Long since passed away—  
Maybe just a ribbon blue  
Tangled up with tears  
Bringin' back somebody you  
Loved in Yesteryears.

Yes, indeed, the drops of rain  
As they fall outside  
Help to pleasure and to pain,  
Humbleness and pride,  
When ye putter round the house  
In your dressin'-gown,  
Like a snoopin' little mouse,  
While it's comin' down.



## ALLEGIANCE

**A**GE called for him and bade him come along  
And join the hoary-headed, faltering  
through

That staggered down the hills of Life, but he  
Though smiling welcome, full of courtesy,

Replied, "Ah, no!

I shall not go.

'Tis true my brow is furrowed deep with care,  
And white as winter's drifting snow my hair;  
Mine eyes and step, they too have feebler grown,  
And but few days remain to call my own,  
Yet there is that within my soul to-day

That bids me tell thee Nay!

Thou hast indeed won o'er the major part,  
But Youth still rules the Kingdom of my  
Heart!"

TO AN ORCHID IN A SHOP-WINDOW

**P**OOOR fragile creature! Butterfly of flowers,  
Thy span of life at most a few short  
hours,

What shame to hold thee in a prison pent,  
Thy beauty wasted on a City lane,  
Unheeded by the throngs of Toil and  
Pain,

Like some poor Poet in a tenement!

## TWO LOVES

I LOVE the town because I love my fellow-  
men.

Their handiwork in admiration high I hold.  
Their feats of wondrous strength, in science  
past my ken,

Their winding boulevards, and towers tall  
and bold,

All awe my spirit as I wander idly on;

All breathe to me a sense of striving, brawn  
and brain,

And tell a tale of vast achievement nobly won  
From bitter struggles weft of unremitting  
pain.

And yet when through the peaceful country-  
side I roam,

Past richly verdured hills, through forests  
green and deep,

When from some mountain height beneath the  
vaulted dome

Mine eye takes in the glory of that far-flung  
sweep,

My heart from cities turns, and all my being  
thrills

With love, and buoyant joy, and peace, and  
ecstasy—

The town is Man's and mortal, but the dales  
and hills

Immortal are and whisper of Divinity!

## FOR LOVE OF SONG

WHAT though your songs remain unheard?  
Unheeded lie of all?  
Think you that yonder lyric bird  
For this would cease his call?

He sings because he loves to sound  
His measures through the dell,  
Nor cares if he be never crowned  
Because he sings them well.

So sings the Poet true alway,  
Like bird upon the wing,  
Who cares not for the praise, or bay,  
But merely loves to sing.

## A WISH

**M**Y very soul I'd give  
To write a line to live  
Forever and for aye,  
For in that single line  
This bartered soul of mine  
Would dwell, and dwelling there, would live  
always!

## A WINTER ROSE

**B**LOOMED a rose one winter's day—  
Seemed to think that it was May.  
Took it, I, to one I know,  
One who sets my heart aglow,  
Who received it with a sigh,  
Held it close and tenderly,  
Placed it softly on her breast;  
And the flower there at rest  
Till it breathed its life away  
Never knew it was not May!



## A DISTINCTION

**F**AME'S very sweet, yet we should careful be  
That it is Fame, not Notoriety.  
'Tis satisfaction small, none can deny,  
To be a cinder in the Public Eye.

✈ THE MIRACLE

WHENE'ER I find my Faith grown dim,  
And all my paths seem dark and grim  
I look about me for a sign  
Of things divine,  
And somewhere I am sure to see  
One thing that brings it back to me:  
The love of Mother for her child;  
A wooer by a maid beguiled;  
The bond between two spirits gray  
Who hand in hand have walked the way  
From Youth to Age, and still hold fast  
Upon the love of days long past;  
The tender sympathy of Man  
For Brothers in the human clan—  
Love is the Miracle I see  
That brings my Faith back unto me.



—AS TO NOTHING

**W**HO Nothing hath smiles grimly at dis-  
tress,  
And cries, "I've naught to lose!" Yet, if he  
press  
On toward the height  
He'll find he is not right—  
With effort he may lose his Nothingness!

## GREETINGS

**A** BUTTERFLY came by to-day,  
And I was glad to see  
That as he sped along his way  
He waved his wings at me.

The apple-blossoms rarely white  
As I went idly on  
Gave me a greeting of delight  
With promised sweets anon.

Deep in the wood a silver brook  
Ran carolling along,  
And from his fern-embedded nook  
Sent me a gift of song.

A lark flew through the upper air,  
And with his high note clear  
Bade me dismiss all thoughts of care  
And think alone of cheer.

## OUT OF THE DEPTHS

I SEE the plough cleave through the field,  
The harrow scar the earth with pain,  
And from the wound there springs a yield,  
A harvest rich of golden grain.

I see a soul by sorrow seared,  
A heart 'whelmed by the harrower,  
And from the seeming ruin reared  
The perfect sheaf of Character!

## LOVE'S ABODE

**L**OVE calls at will on all who'll let him in.  
He carries lavish gifts that all may win.  
Should you be out when he doth call some day,  
Or pass him by unknowing on the way,  
Come hither and his smiling face you'll see—  
I'm glad to say that he abides with me.

— A CALL

**O** COME, let's all be Poets!  
What though we cannot rhyme?  
'Tis easy when we know it's  
Just singing all the time;  
Just sounding on the tabor  
God places in our hearts,  
And taking to our neighbor  
The message He imparts.

## ECHOES

**I** WONDER if the Heart is not  
The place where Echo dwells—  
Like some secluded peaceful spot  
Deep-thrilled with mystic spells.

The Songs of Long Ago I seem  
To hear again within;  
And voices passed into a dream  
Anew their measures spin.

The words of Poets passed away  
Still sound their numbers there,  
And turn the darkest, dullest, day  
To hours of pleasure rare.

And now and then there comes to me  
Deep in this Heart of mine  
An echoing sense of Mystery  
That hints of things Divine.

## WISDOM

**I**F ever I am wise  
    May it not be from books,  
But from the friendly skies,  
    The mountains, and the brooks—  
Or possibly from eyes  
    Through which a lover looks!

No page confinéd thought  
    May this my wisdom be,  
But that by Nature wrought  
    In hill, and dale, and sea—  
With little flashes fraught  
    With Love's divinity.

- A CHALLENGE

“COME Worry, let us walk abroad to-day.  
Let's take a little run along the way.  
I know a sunny path that leads from Fear  
Up to the lovely fields of Wholesome Cheer.  
I'll race you there! I'm feeling fit and strong,  
So, Worry, come along!”

We started on our way, I and my Care.  
I set the pace on through the spring-time air,  
But ere we'd gone a mile poor Worry  
stopped,  
Tried hard to catch his breath, and then he  
dropped,  
Whilst I sped on,  
An easy winner of that Marathon.

And since that day, when vexed by any fear,  
When Worry's come again with visage drear,  
I've challenged him to join me in that race,  
And found each time he could not stand the  
pace!



## THE VALET OF THE LILY

**M**ANY'S the task that I have had—  
Some have been joyous, others sad;  
Some have been easy, by the card;  
Others at times have tried me hard;  
But O what joy, and sunny hours,  
To act as Valet to the Flowers!

To manicure the Roses' stem,  
And carry water unto them!  
To help them curl their petals rare,  
And keep them ever fresh and fair—  
'Tis sweet indeed to use one's powers  
In valetting the fragrant Flowers!

I love to help the Garden choose  
What it shall wear, and what its hues;  
To keep the Pansies' faces clean,  
And trim the Hedge's locks of green,  
And ready make their vernal bowers  
For the receptions of the Flowers.

And oh, what wages rich are mine!  
Fresh currency from bush and vine,  
All promptly paid when they are due  
In coin that rings forever true—  
No other task so richly dowers  
As acting Valet to the Flowers!

A smile of welcome when I come ;  
A hint of pleasures frolicsome ;  
And when the daily task is done  
A coat of tan—gift of the Sun—  
And health, and silvery summer showers,  
To him who serves the gracious Flowers !

## AS TO DESTINY

**I**S it to be my destiny  
Seeking the task too great for me?  
Finding the prizes I would seek  
Ever beyond, on some far peak  
Out of my reach, ne'er to be won,  
E'en when at last my course is run?

Then be it so! 'Tis not for me  
Looking for flaws in destiny!  
Still will I seek those prizes vast  
Ever beyond, unwon at last!  
What care I for the bitter pace?  
Mine is the solace of the chase!

Joy of hope that illumines despair;  
Joy of conquering woe and care;  
Scent of battle, the upward flight,  
On, ever onward toward the height—  
These all are mine, let destiny  
Hold what she may in store for me!

## SOMEONE'S BIRTHDAY

**T**O-DAY is Someone's Birthday. Whose  
Is all unknown to me,  
But I beseech thee, O my Muse,  
All kindness to be.

O make it bright, and richly lade  
With life's best blessings, pray,  
For lad or lassie, man or maid,  
Who celebrates to-day.

If there be tears in any eyes,  
Or griefs that stir the soul,  
Place o'er them thy most smiling skies,  
And ease the pangs of dole.

If there be cares that vex the mind,  
Or trials in the heart,  
O Day, be gloriously kind,  
And bid all woe depart.

Upon a bitter past the Gates  
Of Lethe close, and ope  
The Golden Doors to the Estates  
Of Peace, and Rest, and Hope!

WHERE THE FUN COMES IN

**T**hev all things ain't suited to my mind,  
Fer, as I go my way, I seem to find  
That half the fun o' life is wantin' things,  
And t'other half is gittin' 'em, by Jings!

## THE OPTIMIST

CARE came first and laid his siege,  
Laid his siege at my front-door;  
Then the Wolf, the Lord and Liege  
Of all Trouble, brought his score.  
Well, I "sicked" the Wolf on Care—  
Wolf was hungry past all doubt;  
Chewed old Care up hide and hair,  
Left no sign of him about.

Then I took my faithful gun,  
Cheerfulness, from off the rack;  
Loaded it with Wholesome Fun,  
Let Wolf have it front and back. . . .  
Made a fur coat of his hide—  
He was quite a shaggy beast—  
And the rest of him we fried  
For our glad Thanksgiving Feast.

## AN AUTUMN REVERIE

WHEN Autumn breezes 'gin to howl  
About the chimney-pots,  
And all the kine, and all the fowl,  
Seek out the sheltered spots,  
I like to sit before the blaze  
And toast my shins and toes,  
The while the wind its roundelays  
About the roof-tree blows.

I love to hear the windows shake,  
And listen to the sound  
The rattling panes and sashes make  
As zephyrs frisk around.  
I love to listen to the tune  
Of breezes in the eaves,  
Commingled with the soothing croon  
Of crackling autumn leaves.

And when the logs begin to hiss  
And sputter in their ire,  
I taste the joys of perfect bliss  
While sitting by the fire,  
For there it seems as though the Wood  
Were sending messages  
To one who shared and understood  
Its reminiscences.

## AGE AND YOUTH

**Y**OUTH takes its joys from hopeful  
dreams

Of future prizes to be won,  
Of voyages on unknown streams  
In realms beyond the rising sun.

But Age, reflective Age, delights  
E'en in the twilight's fading rays  
In turning to the joyous sights  
Of unforgotten yesterdays.

I know not which more joy imparts,  
Which holds the greater thrill, the page  
That tells of Hope in youthful hearts,  
Or tender memories of age.



## AN OASIS

**O**FT in the City's byways grim  
Where joy seemed dead, and hope grown  
dim,

The laughter of a child at play  
Has driven darkling thoughts away.  
Poor laddy! Doomed to find your joys  
In sun-baked cañons; 'mid the noise  
Of barter and inhuman strife—  
To pass the Maytime of your life!  
Perhaps this is your message here,  
To bring relief and notes of cheer,  
Like an oasis  
In desert places!

## PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE

'TIS mighty pleasant looking back  
Through sunny vistas on life's track.  
It sets the heart to beating fast  
To see those visions of the past,  
To hear once more the roundelays  
Of Childhood days.

'Tis fine indeed to look ahead  
To see the prizes richly spread  
Upon the gleaming banquet-board,  
Perhaps our own deserved reward,  
For these are fair, e'en though unwon,  
To look upon.

The past is full of sweetness true.  
The skies of days to come are blue.  
Both prospects thrill, and yet I look  
Within no past or future book,  
So many treasures can be found  
By looking round.

## A RECIPE

**T**HE Recipe of Youth I've found at last,  
And deeply of it now I'm daily drinking:  
A thimbleful of Boyhood from the past,  
To one full quart of happy, cheerful think-  
ing.

AT EVENTIDE

**Y**ES, the sun is going,  
Going, going down.  
Eventide is throwing  
Shadows o'er the town;

And the stars a-gleaming,  
Gleaming over all  
Unto rest and dreaming  
Soon will sound the call;

And the soft night creeping,  
Creeping o'er the way,  
Guards us, guides us sleeping  
Back again to day!

## TO THE TAX-ASSESSOR

COME, O Tax-Assessor Man,  
Get your taxes if you can.  
Here's the list of property  
Now belonging unto me:

One small home you may behold  
Worthier than celestial gold;  
One large heart in which there lies  
All the bliss of Paradise;  
Love of children in great store;  
Friendships reckoned by the score;  
Peaceful nights, and busy days;  
Right of way o'er golden ways;  
Jewelled sunsets, rippling seas,  
Starry skies, and cooling breeze;  
Acres broad in Fancy's realm;  
Ships with young Love at the helm;  
Freedom of the firmament;  
Endless stock of sweet content;  
Faith in God, and sturdy health—  
Thus is itemized my wealth!

Come, O Tax-Assessor-Man—  
State their value if you can,  
And whatever tax you lay  
I will without protest pay,  
On my store of Treasure-trove  
In the currency of Love.

## A VICTORIOUS SURRENDER

I'M praying for clear weather.  
The farmer prays for rain.  
I'm thinking of the heather.  
He's thinking of his grain.  
He thinks he needs the water  
To make the harvest fair.  
I think of someone's daughter  
Who's waiting over there.

The point I've puzzled over  
All through the longish night,  
The farmer or the lover—  
Which has the greater right?  
'Twixt bread and love, I wonder,  
Which serves mankind the best?  
The more and more I ponder  
The harder seems my quest.

Bread without love—what is it?  
Love without bread? Well, now  
Bring on your rain—I'll visit  
Myrtilla anyhow!  
And though the Atlantic Ocean  
Shall come down from the skies,  
My weather, I've a notion,  
I'll find deep in her eyes.

## THE SIMPLER JOYS

THERE'S joy no doubt in complicated things.

Much happiness I trow may come to Kings  
Who know not play, nor romp,  
But live in frigid pomp.

But when at dawn my friend who sporteth  
wings

Taps on my window-pane, and gaily sings  
His roundelay, I would not change my lot  
For all the treasure that the King hath got!

There's much of pleasure in great stores of  
wealth

If they be won by effort, not by stealth,  
By billionaires and such  
Who have the Midas touch,

But when I feel within the stir of health  
That sets me high in Nature's Commonwealth,  
For all the stores of Croesus, and his line,  
I'd not exchange the treasure that is mine.

To joy in all things good, whate'er they be;  
To joy in earth, the heavens, and the sea,  
And find in simple ways

The riches of my days—

That is the test of happiness for me;

That is the measure of the life that's free.

Let others choose the bauble with its care—

I'll live, and be contented with my share.

## THE TREASURE SEEKERS

ONE sought the East for gems, and found,  
    alas,

Dire failure was his most unhappy pass.

One sought for pearls in waters of the Ind,

And sank a victim of the seas and wind.

Another sought the gold that glitters free

Upon the strands far in the Northern sea,

And on the beaches of that land of white

His bones lie resting in the endless night.

A fourth plunged in the nearer fray to win

The gaudy raiment that the Trade Elves spin,

And at the last found coffers full of dross—

The gold was profit, but his soul was loss!

For me, in Fortune's strife, give me the part

Of him that delves deep in the Mines of Heart—

Not far afield, but here let me secure

From them that love me treasures that endure!



## THE AUCTION

**H**ERE is Polly's heart for sale—  
Highest bidder wins!  
Speak up, O ye timid male,  
Time the flying spins.  
What's your offer for a heart  
Warm and full of cheer?  
Let us have a bid to start!  
What's the bid I hear?

LANDS? The bid is lands, my friends—  
Acres, broad and fine;  
Full of teeming dividends  
In the harvest line.  
Any higher bid? . . . O fie!  
What a sleepy band!  
GOING, GOING, GOING—My!  
Heart like this for LAND?

What? A bid of GOLD? Aha!  
That's the way to bid.  
Better than mere acres, far,  
That cannot be hid.  
Yet, who'd win a heart like this  
With a lump of gold?  
GOING, GOING—shame it is  
If it thus were sold!

Ah! Another bid comes in.

Speak up louder—FAME?

Here's a bidder hopes to win

With a gilded name.

But for hearts so warm and true

That's a trifle low.

GOING—GOING! Really you

Should not let it go!

GOING—GOING! Now, see here,

This is bargain day.

Win a heart so full of cheer

With a bit of bay?

Really—what's that? Speak up clear—

Ah! We're getting on!

LOVE'S the highest bid I hear—

GOING—

GOING—

GONE!

## THE USE OF LIFE

**H**E'D never heard of Phideas,  
He'd never heard of Byron;  
His tastes were not fastidious,  
His soul was not aspirin'—  
But he could tell you what the birds were  
whispering in the trees;  
And he could find sweet music in the sounding  
of the seas;  
And he could joy in wintry snows,  
And summer's sunny weather,  
And tell you all the names of those  
That frolic in the heather.

He'd never heard of Socrates;  
He'd never heard of Irving;  
He loved the mediocrities  
Much more than the deserving—  
But when the frost was in the air he knew the  
fox's hole;  
The haunt of deer and beaver, and the wood-  
chuck and the mole;  
And he could joy in arching trees,  
In Heavens blue, or starlit,  
And in the cold crisp autumn breeze  
That paints the country scarlet.

He nothing knew of sciences,  
Of art, or eke of letters;  
Nor of those strange appliances  
That fill the world with debtors—  
But happiness he knew right well. He'd  
learned from A to Z  
The art of filling life with song, and others'  
souls with glee;  
And he could joy in day and night,  
Heart full of pure Thanksgiving—  
I am not sure he was not right  
In using Life for living!

## SCABBARD AND SWORD

**T**HE scabbard is worn,  
    But the sword is bright.  
The sheath's forlorn,  
    And a sorry sight.

But the blade is keen  
    And its edge holds true,  
And it cuts as clean  
    As it used to do.

And the point is fine,  
    And the steel is fair,  
And it cleaves the line  
    To a breadth of hair.

It is thus the Heart  
    In the days untold  
Will bear its part  
    Though the sheath be old.

## THE BECKONING YEARS

THE beckoning years are calling to me;  
They've beckoned, and beckoned, since  
    infancy,  
    And they seemed to say  
    In that childhood day,  
    "Come hither and play, come play!"

And I played with them, and I romped along  
With a joyous heart full of heedless song;  
    And the years flew by  
    With never a sigh,  
    Until Youth, dear Youth drew nigh.

"Come hither and learn!" was their new refrain.  
I followed them over the road again  
    That heroes galore  
    In the days of yore  
    Had travailed and struggled o'er.

Then the urgent seasons, once fresh and green,  
Took on a more grave and serious mien,  
    And one after one  
    Commanded, "My son,  
    Let labor be now begun!"

And I ceased my play, and I turned to toil,  
And I strove for fame, and struggled for spoil;  
    But the beckoning crew  
    Still further drew  
    Me on to a love that's true.

And the years flew by and they beckoned still,  
And they urged to good, and they lured to ill.  
    Like the autumn leaf,  
    Or the withered sheaf,  
They whispered of joy and grief.

And I grieved and grieved till my heart was  
    sore,  
And I joyed with a joy that was brimming  
    o'er,  
    All at their behest,  
    And now as their guest  
They beckon me on to rest!

The peace of the childhood days was rare!  
The joys of the labor and love were fair—  
    For my smiles and tears,  
    For my hopes and fears,  
I bless the beckoning years!

## THE GARDEN OF MY DREAMS

'TIS true I love that Garden fair  
    In which I labor day by day.  
'Tis happiness to lavish there  
Such constant watchfulness and care  
    The while the budding posies play;  
And yet there is another spot  
    Wherein the sun more brightly gleams,  
Where weed and blighting cometh not,  
A never-fading floral plot—  
    The wondrous Garden of my Dreams!

'Tis guarded both by day and night  
    By graceful sun-flowers, golden warm,  
From which there streams a wealth of light  
That keeps it ever fresh and bright,  
    And drives away the gloom of storm;  
And scores of little blue-bells near,  
    While smiling pansies spout their rhymes,  
Beat time to music, soft and clear,  
That rings out on the atmosphere  
    Like Fairyland's Cathedral chimes.

The roses when they see me come  
    Raise up their pretty heads and smile,  
And burst into a merry hum  
As though they thought that I were some  
    Good friend who'd been away awhile;



And each forget-me-not I see  
At hide-and-seek in that rare place  
Brings back the memory to me  
Of loving smiles that used to be  
On some beloved face.

Dear Garden of my Dreams! How blest  
Art thou! How fragrant and how fair!  
I'm always glad to go to rest,  
And call the Sandman welcome guest  
Who nightly comes to lead me there!

## A PROTEST

**I** WISH some big Policeman might  
Take note of Father Time,  
Who runs along by day and night  
At speed that is a crime.  
Why here at fifty years am I  
With heart so full of joy  
That it were useless to deny  
I'm aught but just a boy!

'Tis hardly fair to go so fast  
That one runs into age  
Before his spirit's really passed  
The knickerbocker stage;  
To have to wear the dignity  
Of Solons grave and sad  
Before one's really ceased to be  
A frisky, romping lad.

I want to shout, and sing, and dance.  
I want to frisk and play.  
I want to go outside and prance  
Along the broad highway.  
I want to make strange noises, but  
In spite of all I plan,  
Sedately on my way I strut,  
An old stiff-mannered man!

Time plays us tricks—no doubt of that.

He robs us of our hair ;

Some folks he lays out wholly flat

With grievous gifts of care ;

But worst of all his elfish fleers,

The meanest one, in truth,

Is when he puts the mask of Years

Upon the face of Youth!

## A PROPHECY

NO Prophet, I,  
And yet I dare to prophesy:  
This coming Spring  
The birds will sing,  
And from her tuneful throat  
The thrush's note  
Will ring;  
And blossoms fair and white  
Will spring forth in the night,  
To gladden some sweet day,  
In coming May;  
And roses rare  
Will scent the air,  
While frolic bees their sweets will seize  
And hide them in the forest trees;  
And silver streams will dance along,  
And babble forth their merry song  
Of mating with the sea;  
The while the woodland wild will teem  
With wakings from a wintry dream,  
From icy fetters free.  
Where late was snow  
The April glow  
Of genial sun will melt the way  
That violet and lily pale  
May find again the ferny vale,

And Elfin comrades at their play.  
The skies above  
Will whisper love,  
And with their dreamy blue  
Will put to rout  
The hosts of Doubt  
And Rue!

## THE HUNTER

WENT out shootin' in the wood—  
My, the mornin' air was good!  
Sort of filled your soul with joy.  
Made ye feel jest like a boy.  
Made ye want to dance, and sing  
Like a wild-bird on the wing.

Soon a pattridge come along,  
Whirrin', whirrin', mighty strong.  
Had my gun acrost a rail,  
And a bead that couldn't fail,  
But, by Jings, I felt so full  
Ne'er a trigger could I pull!

Later on I found a track  
Leadin' through the piney black,  
Surest thing ye ever knew—  
Mr. Fox had jest been through—  
Trailed him squarely to his hole—  
Couldn't shoot to save my soul!

'N'en I heerd a tromplin' sound,  
Like a big deer some'ers round;  
'N'en a cracklin' in the bush,  
'N'en a sudden sort o' hush,  
An' a pair o' starin' eyes  
Soft as ever summer skies.

Shoot him? I'd as soon ha' shot  
Sleepin' babies in a cot.  
Kill him? With two eyes a-beam  
With a sort o' friendly gleam?  
Nary kill for Mr. Deer  
In that mornin' atmosphere!

So it went the whole day long.  
Somepin sort o' went all wrong.  
Had my gun, and had my lead,  
Got up early out o' bed  
For to land a lot o' things,  
And jest couldn't—no, by Jings!

## HALLOWE'EN.

**B**RING forth the raisins and the nuts—  
To-night All-Hallow's Spectre struts  
    Along the moonlit way.  
No time is this for tear or sob,  
Or other woes our joys to rob,  
But night for pippin and for bob,  
    And Jack-o'-Lantern gay.

Come forth ye lass and trousered kid,  
From prisoned Mischief raise the lid,  
    And lift it good and high.  
Leave grave old Wisdom in the lurch,  
Set Folly on a lofty perch,  
Nor fear the awesome rod of birch  
    When dawn illumes the sky.

'Tis night for revel, set apart  
To reillum the darkened heart,  
    And rout the hosts of dole.  
'Tis night when Goblin, Elf, and Fay,  
Come dancing in their best array,  
To prank and royster on their way,  
    And ease the troubled soul.



The ghosts of all things past parade,  
Emerging from the mist and shade  
    That hid them from our gaze;  
And full of song, and ringing mirth,  
In one glad moment of rebirth,  
Again they walk the ways of earth  
    As in the ancient days.

The beacon light shines on the hill,  
The will-o'-wisps the forests fill  
    With flashes filched from noon;  
And witches on their broom-sticks spry  
Speed here and yonder in the sky,  
And lift their strident voices high  
    Unto the Hunter's Moon.

The air resounds with tuneful notes  
From myriads of straining throats,  
    All hailing Folly Queen;  
So join the swelling choral throng,  
Forget your sorrow, and your wrong,  
In one glad hour of joyous song  
    To honor Hallowe'en!

## CHRISTMAS DAY

**A** DAY of respite, this!  
A day of purest bliss  
Wherein in Love to plan  
Good-will to Man.

A Festival of Joys  
Wherein no thing annoys;  
A time of Cheer and Mirth,  
And Peace on Earth.

A time for Smiles and play,  
And yet withal a day  
For thoughtful deeds, and good,  
Of Brotherhood.

A day for sunny rifts,  
A day for loving gifts,—  
For Kindness bounteous,  
God gave it us.

## DISCOVERY

THE fairest voyage man can make,  
Exploring land or sea,  
Is one which every Spring I take—  
My quest, Discovery.  
I do not seek uncharted lands,  
Or continents unknown—  
I leave that sort of things to hands  
More expert than my own.

The things I seek are simple things,  
And simple is my crew—  
Myself, and One who ever sings  
A song that's sweet and true;  
And as our little bark doth pass  
Along some sylvan scene  
'Tis fine to learn anew that grass  
Is tender, lush and green.

'Tis joyous to discover, too,  
The while we drift along,  
That skies and seas are deeply blue,  
That birds have gift of song;  
To learn again that little bees  
Find honey in the flowers,  
And that rich blossoms deck the trees  
In early Springtime hours;

That wild-flowers flirt with sunbeams fair;  
And in the garden-close  
The fragrance of the soft spring air  
Is rifled from the rose;  
To learn that trout lurk in the pool,  
And hear amid the hush  
When night comes on with shadows cool  
The lyric of the thrush!

## THE STORY THAT NEVER ENDS

**H**E told the old, old story,  
And told it mighty well.  
Her face was flushed with glory  
Beneath its magic spell.  
To her 'twas fresh and novel;  
To her 'twas new and sweet,  
And glorified the hovel  
In which they chanced to meet.

She gave the old, old answer—  
The answer Adam got  
When that primeval man, sir,  
Asked Eve to share his lot.  
Amid the same old blushes  
That tinge a maiden's cheek,  
Amid the same old hushes  
His riches he did seek.

They had the same old raptures  
That to the lover come  
When his successful captures  
At e'en he bringeth home.  
And soon the same old prattle  
Was heard within their door,  
And still the same old rattle  
Upon the nursery floor.

And still the same old newness  
That makes the old things fair,  
The same old joys, and blueness,  
That greet us everywhere.  
The same old days of gladness,  
The same old hours of grief;  
The same old times of sadness,  
The same old sweet relief.

The same old spells of weather  
To light or dim the day.  
The same old age together,  
The same old locks of gray—  
And though old things pursue them,  
The eyes they see them through,  
Love-lit, forever view them  
Imperishably new!

“ME AND MINE”

**I**T'S blitherin' cold outside,  
And blowin' to beat the band;  
And snow and sleet is a-flyin' wide  
Over the whole broad land.  
The icicles hang from the eaves,  
And the ponds and the brooks is froze;  
The frost has withered the autumn leaves  
And bit up the farmer's nose—  
But me an' mine  
Is feelin' fine,  
So what do we care for snows?

There isn't a bird in sight,  
And even the cat stays in,  
Desertin' the joys of night,  
And the call of her kith and kin.  
The days they are short and chill,  
The nights are a decade long,  
And out on the bleak and distant hill  
The blizzard is goin' strong—  
But me an' mine  
Is feelin' fine,  
For our hearts is full o' song.

Her heart is singin' of me,  
And mine is singin' of her!  
No thinkin' of what's to be,  
No thinkin' of things that were,  
But just of the joys that is,  
Not worried 'bout things that's not;  
So let the hoary old blizzard blizz  
And Boreas go it hot—  
For me an' mine  
Is feelin' fine,  
And thankful for what we've got!



## ARCADY

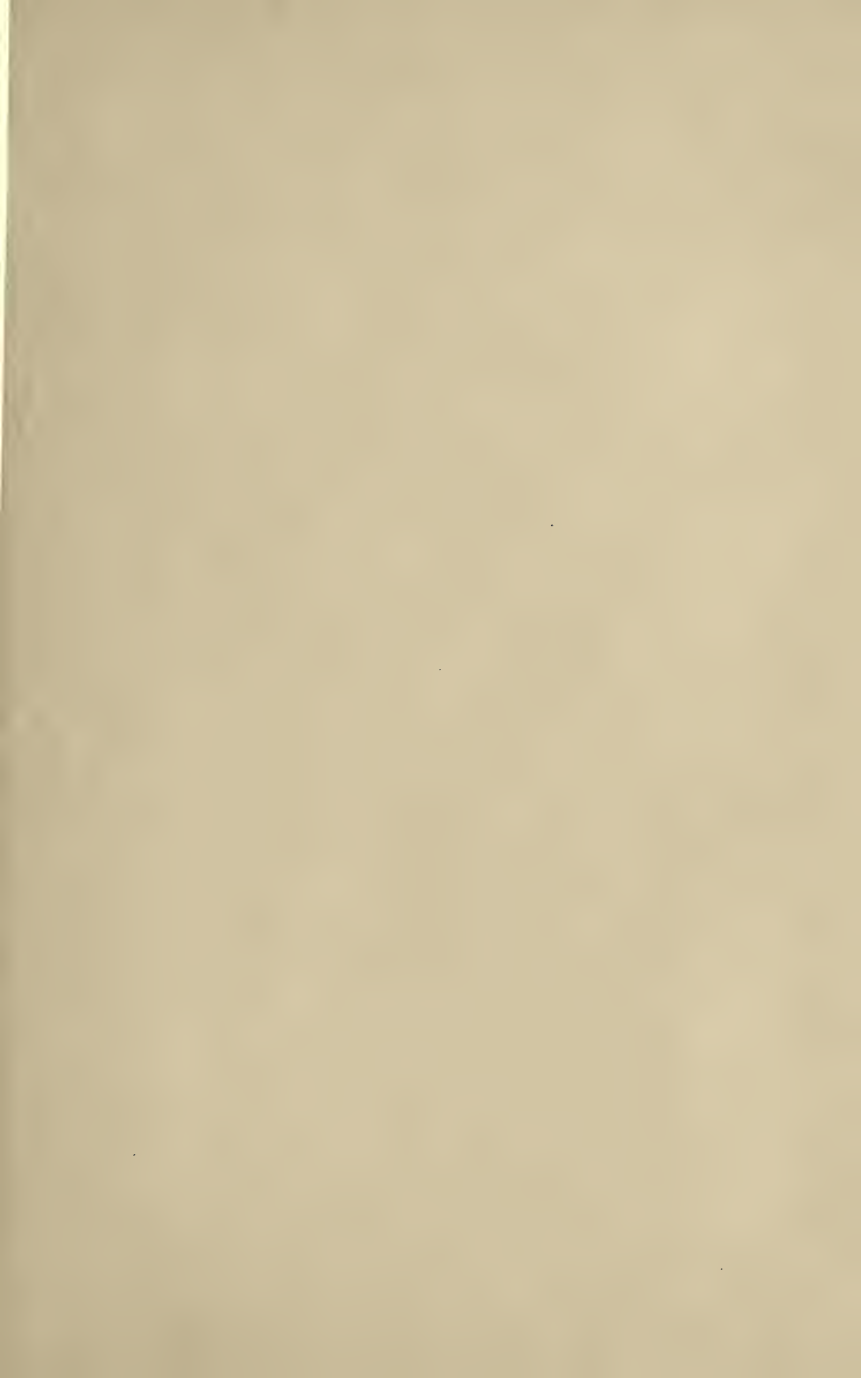
**S**TARTED out for Arcady,  
No one knew the way;  
Wandered onward wearily  
Through the dreary day.  
Lost my bearings, lost my chart,  
Troubles round me pressed;  
Footsore, weary, faint of heart,  
Spirit sore distressed.

Road to Fame was sweet indeed,  
Road to Wealth was bold.  
But the laurel turned to weed,  
And the gems were cold.  
Wealth and Honor are a goal  
Fit for chivalry,  
But they never lead the soul  
Into Arcady.

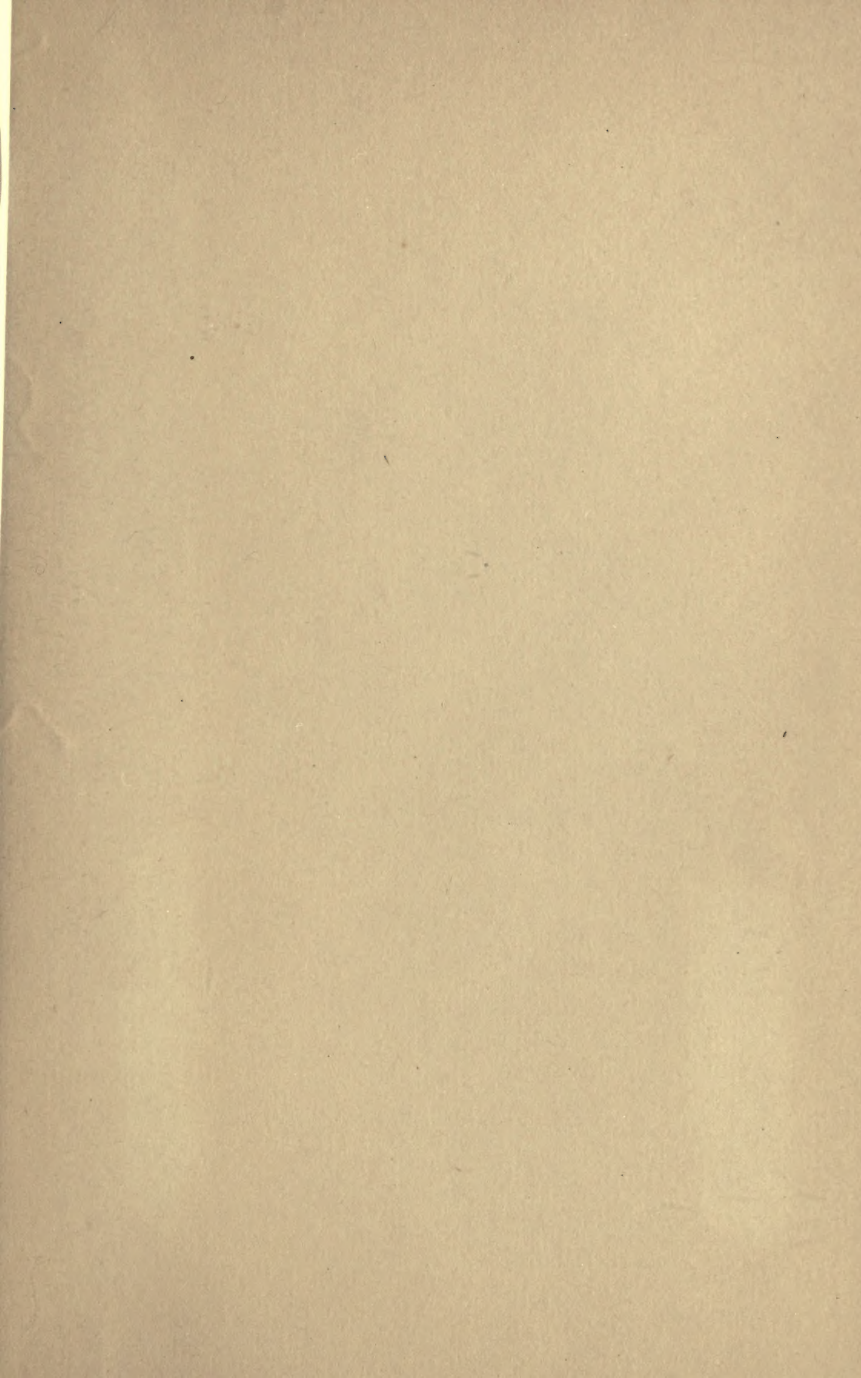
Suddenly across my path  
Flashed a pair of eyes!  
Oh, such eyes as Some One hath,  
Soft as summer skies—  
Flashed like stars of summer nights  
O'er the summer sea.  
Quoth my heart, "These are the lights,  
Lights of Arcady!"

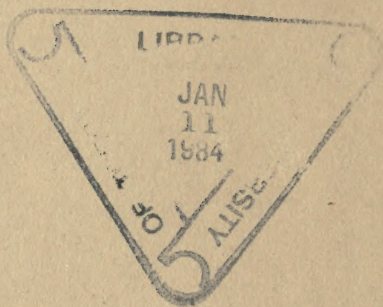
Came the note of Some One's voice  
    Sounding through the dark,  
Singing numbers rare and choice  
    As the morning lark.  
Fled away the darkness all  
    As it came to me.  
Quoth my soul, "This is the call,  
    Call of Arcady!"

At my threshold, waiting there,  
    Radiant with grace,  
Glint of gold upon her hair,  
    Sunshine in her face;  
Dancing gaily as a gnome,  
    Arms stretched forth for me—  
Then it was I knew that Home,  
    Home was Arcady!









May 16<sup>th</sup> 1912

From Mrs. Hammon

May 17

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